

LUNCH BREAK

FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Half a dozen builders carry out their assigned tasks on a block of land. The wooden skeleton of a building is almost complete. One of the builders is digging into the dirt with a pick-axe. This is TREVOR. His friend and co-worker, MICHAEL, stands alongside him, leaning on the structure smoking a cigarette. Michael is in his mid-thirties; tall, muscular, handsome. Trevor is not so lucky; early forties, with thinning hair, a well-trimmed moustache, thick-rimmed glasses, and a build so scrawny it's a surprise he can even lift the tool.

MICHAEL

You sure you know what you're doing?

TREVOR

The plans don't say anything about water pipes. It'll be fine.

MICHAEL

The plans don't say anything about no water pipes either.

TREVOR

There's no water pipes on the plans, that mean's there's no water pipes. You going to give me a hand, Michael?

MICHAEL

It's almost lunch. Plus it's Friday. You got much on for the weekend?

TREVOR

Doesn't matter what day it is, it's not four o'clock yet. And no, I don't.

MICHAEL

Vanessa and I are heading down to the beach-house again. Two nights of wine, dancing, you know what else! It's going to be great.

TREVOR

(unenthusiastic)

That sounds truly amazing.

MICHAEL

Come on big guy, it's twelve. Let's go eat. You look like you could do with a good feed.

TREVOR
I didn't bring anything.

MICHAEL
Again?

TREVOR
I ran out of time. I had to make
Audrey's breakfast.

MICHAEL
Yeah, cos it'd kill her to miss a
meal. How is that beautiful wife
of yours?

TREVOR
Why do I sense sarcasm in your
tone?

MICHAEL
Probably because I'm being
sarcastic. Later, buddy.

Michael flicks his cigarette and walks away. Trevor sighs and keeps working. The pick-axe strikes something solid and muddy water sprays up into his face.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor enters the front door, caked in dried mud, carrying a bag of take-away. The TV blares from the lounge room. AUDREY is lying on the couch, snacking on some junk-food. Despite being a similar age to her husband, she appears much older. She is obese, unkempt and generally quite repulsive. She doesn't acknowledge Trevor walking in.

TREVOR
Hi honey. I got you your
favourite.

He hands her the takeaway. She snatches it greedily and begins devouring some fries.

TREVOR
How was your day?

AUDREY
Why are you covered in shit?

TREVOR
Oh, it's just mud. I had a little
accident at work.

AUDREY
Did you get me a cheesecake?

TREVOR
I'm sorry?

Only now does she turn to look at her husband.

AUDREY
My fucking cheesecake, Trevor! I messaged you about it earlier!

TREVOR
I'm really sorry, it's been a busy day. I didn't get a chance to check my phone. I can go and get one if you'd like?

AUDREY
The fucking shop's closed now, isn't it?

TREVOR
Can I get you something else?

AUDREY
Just forget it, Trevor. You'll probably fuck that up too.

Audrey turns back to the TV, starting on a hamburger. Trevor hovers awkwardly in the doorway.

TREVOR
I'm... going to go have some dinner.

AUDREY
Yeah, you do that. You're good at thinking of yourself, aren't you?

Trevor remains silent. He heads into the kitchen and opens the fridge. Puzzled, he scans the shelves.

TREVOR
Audrey? Have you seen my steak?

AUDREY
(O.S.)
Joanne came over earlier with Puffy. I gave it to him.

TREVOR
You gave Puffy... my steak?

AUDREY
(O.S.)
Its not my fault we didn't have

AUDREY
any dog food! Fucking get over it
and make yourself something else!

TREVOR
(under his breath)
We don't have any dog food
because we don't have a dog.

Trevor sighs. His stomach grumbles.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor sits at the kitchen table, munching on some toast. He washes up his plate before grabbing a bottle of scotch from the back of the cupboard, making sure Audrey isn't witnessing before he pours himself a glass. Using a pair of ice-tongs from the kitchen drawers, he grabs some ice from the freezer and drops it into his drink.

AUDREY
Trevor! Bring me the chocolate
milk!

Trevor jumps, causing a piece of ice to drop on the kitchen floor. He sighs and sits back down at the table, ignoring her request.

AUDREY
Trevor! Chocolate milk, now!

Trevor clatters the tongs repeatedly, mimicking his nagging wife. Audrey waddles in and he quickly stops, laying the tongs on the table.

AUDREY
For fuck's sake Trevor, I've got
to do everything around here?

Audrey notices the glass of scotch.

AUDREY
Oh great, now you're drinking?
You could at least draw the
blinds. I don't want Joanne to
know I live with a drunk. I
really don't know why I put up
with you sometimes, Trevor.

Audrey takes a step towards the window but treads on the ice-block. Her feet slide out from under her. Instinctively she reaches out to grab something, her hand finding the ice-tongs on the table. The back of her head cracks on the corner of the kitchen bench and her arm

swings upward, plunging the ice-tongs deep into her right eye socket. She collapses heavily on the ground, a pool of blood spreading across the kitchen tiles. Trevor remains seated, staring in stunned silence for a few moments, unable to believe what just happened. Unsure what to do, he takes a sip of his scotch. Glancing at the window, he gets to his feet and draws the blinds.

CUT TO:

EXT TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor picks up his tool belt from the back of his Ute, strapping it to his waist. He also grabs a circular saw.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor drags Audrey into the bathroom, struggling to lift her up and roll her into the bathtub. Starting up the circular saw, he takes a deep breath and begins slicing up the corpse. Blood sprays up into his face so he slides the shower curtain across to contain some of the mess. A faint tapping is barely audible above the noise and it takes a while for Trevor to hear it. He switches off the saw and listens. Sure enough, someone is knocking on the door.

Trevor panics. He checks himself in the mirror, quickly washing off the blood and changing his shirt. He closes the bathroom door and heads for the front entrance. Composing himself, he opens the door to reveal a middle-aged woman standing there. This is JOANNE. Her rat of a dog, PUFFY, is curled up in her arms. Trevor gives the dog a quick look of disapproval, then smiles at Joanne.

TREVOR

Hi Joanne.

JOANNE

What's with all the noise, Trevor? Bit late to be using power tools, isn't it? I had to turn my TV all the way up.

TREVOR

Sorry Joanne, I'll try and keep it down.

Trevor goes to close the door.

JOANNE

Where's Audrey?

Trevor freezes for a moment.

TREVOR
She's in the bath.

JOANNE
Just try and be a little more
considerate.

TREVOR
Sure thing. Goodnight.

Trevor closes the door and sighs with relief.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor examines the half-dismembered remains of Audrey. Pulling a handsaw and a hammer from his tool belt, he proceeds to saw up the corpse, using the hammer to crack the bones.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor sits at the kitchen table, spattered in blood. He stares into space, almost contently, clutching another glass of scotch. The bloody ice-tongs sit in the sink. Half a dozen garbage bags line one wall. Trevor takes a sip of his drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

The builders continue their work on the structure. Michael stands smoking a cigarette, watching Trevor saw up some wooden beams.

MICHAEL
Great weekend! Vanessa and I
didn't leave the beach-house the
whole time, if you know what I
mean. Didn't even get to see the
beach!

Michael laughs, pleased with himself.

TREVOR
Mine was actually really good
too. It was very... peaceful.

MICHAEL

Yeah? How did you manage that?
Bound and gagged your wife?

Trevor laughs.

MICHAEL

I can't believe you came in on
your days off and finished the
foundations for the garage. You
did all the concreting yourself?

TREVOR

Yeah, well, I had some free time
on my hands.

Trevor smiles.

MICHAEL

You seem in awfully high spirits
today?

TREVOR

I'm feeling good. I think things
are starting to look up for me.

MICHAEL

Hey buddy, glad to hear it!

Michael finishes his cigarette.

MICHAEL

Lunch break, man. I'll see you in
a few.

TREVOR

Actually I bought something with
me today, I'll come with you.

MICHAEL

No kidding? Audrey skip breakfast
this morning or something?

Trevor laughs again. They sit down nearby with their bags.

MICHAEL

So how is that beautiful wife of
yours?

Trevor pulls out two rounds of large sandwiches, packed
full of meat.

TREVOR

Delicious.